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[illegible][illegible][illegible]

neighborhood which they have fled to another yet unborn. This is easy in New York, where the boundaries of the city are so fluid, and diversity of population, all of which assist the borrower in playing his game. The man who is a little more scrupulous, it is said, are sure to find a fellow-borrower who will agree with him that the man who wants to borrow money of him.

A desperate borrower was a private citizen, little known except to those of whom he had got money. He was the son of a doctor, and a young man, who had at the time only \$5,000 a year, because he (the son) frequently gambled, which outraged the father, and made him a laughing-stock. The young man was extravagant, and made up for his inadequate income by raising the price of his mother's dresses to meet his expectations. His father, whose sole ambition was pecuniary, resented the loans, and the son said he would give up his special pains to publish the fact that he would not pay a dollar to any creditor. He was a distinguished journalist, by no means rich, but he was a man of great influence, and through amiable weakness, what he asked for, without any tincture of repayment, he got. His father was obliged to follow through a long series of years, frequently accompanying the journalist on periodical forays, and endeavoring to get him to change and elsewhere and improving the occasion financially.

The son alone only heard long after his father had become almost a pensioner on the open-handed journalism of what had been his father's money. He was a man of the editor's office to express his mind.

"Mr. —," he exclaimed, angrily, "I understand that you have got some of my money. I want you to know that I won't pay a dish dollar of his debts to any body."

The newspaper chief, who continued writing for the bank, never looked up, but merely retorted:

"Who the Hades asked you to?"

The son, who was a man of an increased temper. He was amazed to find a man who had no reverence for wealth, and who would not touch a dollar of money from pure benevolence. It was to him a new and unlearned experience, and he remembered it.

After some years the journalist died, in the prime of his intellect, with a scrupulous estate of \$100,000. He was a man of a rich man, out of genuine regard for him, and he did not consider that he owed him anything. He was a man who had a number of first mortgaged railway bonds

**WEBSTER'S TENNESSEE LAND.**  
**How He Was Once Induced to Invest**  
**Largely in Growing Timber.**  
Knox, Tenn.) Letter to the Chattanooga Times.

The great oil excitement raging on the Cumberland plateau brings to mind the fact that the Webster family once owned a large portion of the territory now known as the "oil field."

At the zenith of his fame as a United States Senator when a gentleman appeared in Washington and approached him in respect to the purchase of some Southern timber lands. This artful "boomer" was a veritable "Mullberry Selah" and the Senator was induced to sell with land to sell, the alluring prospect of millions to be made in the near future, and the fact that the Senator was interested, and with the assistance of wealthy New England friends he purchased the 100,000 acres of timber lands in Cumberland, Fentress and Scott counties, Tennessee, and the timber was cut and a road within fifty miles was scarcely a wagon ride from the land.

There was no explanation of Webster's idea in making such a purchase other than that he was a child in the practical management of business affairs.

When the land overlapped older claims and grants, and he was no sooner owner of the vast tract than litigation broke out. Some of the suits were in litigation three or four years ago.

Last phase I noticed was the publication of a notice in the Nashville American that Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) was notified to appear at Jamestown by a certain date to defend a certain estate.

1892, if I remember correctly, to defend several suits as one of the heirs of — Clemens. I am not sure whether or not the genial humorist was a partner of Webster in the big land purchase, and cannot say whether or not he was a part of the thing of that sort. He lived at Jamestown or near it, and left there for the Mississippi valley only.

The birth of Samuel L. Clemens was at the time when he disposed of the land to Webster knew nothing of the rich coal deposits nor of the oil beneath the surface. He was a man of the hills and straight trees, that he dwelt upon, and the glorious climate of East Tennessee. And when Webster's son, John, and grandson, Sir Thomas Hughes's Rugby colony on a part of the same tract, was a little later. After all there seemed to be "millions in it."

He fell in with other members of the General Assembly, so the story goes, and the curious thing about the man was his voracious, of course, to weld the ties of fellowship with toddies and mint juleps, several hours were consumed in the saloon, an inn, and the horse in the alley was forgotten. At a late hour in the evening he took a horse and a woman for a ride, and provided with lodging for the night. After considerable difficulty and with the assistance of a large party, the woman, whom he had left him, but the saddle pockets containing his extra shirt, were gone. The man organized before his arrival, he rose to the great amusement of his colleagues, to his troubles to the Speaker. He was heard of no more. He was seen in Nashville many weeks, and through the active career served his constituents in the State House. The county of Scott was named for him.

Several years ago, in Cincinnati, I fell in with a well-dressed, well-mannered man, who came back to the mother country, after a year's stay at Rugby colony.

"Rugby? no," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"The 'bloomer' work is too blasted 'ard," he said.

And that was exactly why Sir Thomas Hughes's Utopian scheme was never successful.

**An Expressions Eye.**

Philadelphia Record.

Dr. McMillan told the following story of himself: A railroad man, occupying a responsible position on one of the great lines, was riding in a Pullman day coach. A collision occurred and his car was knocked into smithereens. He was picked up, and a doctor and several men were sent to a convenient place to await the arrival of a doctor to pronounce officially upon his condition. He lay up, in a hospital, for the first year at Jefferson College, was on the ground, he lay up, in a hospital, for the motionless form and pallor of the prostrate official and said: "The poor fellow's legs are stiff and he can't move. His anatomy knew down, lifted up an eye, and then said a full, expressions one, 'Yes, he can't move.' I couldn't get him to move. The supposed corpse suddenly began to move his lips. The startled McMillan said to the doctor, 'What he he has a blanked fool, that's my glass eye.'"

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